

When the western part of N. Carolina was first settled, it was surpassed in fertility and prospect by no part of the new country. The old Indians still recollect its towering forests, its luxuriant growth of cane and tobacco, and its fertile soil. Its fame spread back to the mother-land, and a tide of emigration was set on foot. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, poured thither their emigrants to take possession of the new land of promise. But all is now changed! One half century has brought about a dreadful revolution. The descendants of the first settlers here from the north, are now to be seen in crowds to the West. To what end? Surely, in a great measure, to escape the degradation, the appearance and condition of our country, effected, altogether, by our wretched, destroying, and murdering system of cultivation. The only way to check this emigration is to improve our lands and increase the profits of agriculture. I do not pretend to assert, that the most perfect condition of agriculture would keep all from moving. No! there is something in the spirit of the American people, that impels them towards the forest. The current is set to the West: it will flow on: The Mississippi river could not stop it—the stoney mountains will furnish no barrier. As long as there are new countries in prospect, our people will move on until the waters of the Pacific stop their march. But, if we cannot stop it, we may check it; we may, in a measure, remove one of

Goods.
opening, and offers
to Mr. Slaugh-
ter of
Hats, and
among his Dry Goods, are the following: black and
blue Broadcloths, of a very superior quality;
common Cloths, of different colors; very fine
and common Cassimeres; Canton Crapes, black
and other colors; Silks; Sarcenets; Vestings of
different colors; Robes for Ladies' Dresses;
Cambrics and Calicoes; Blankets, &c. &c. &c.
Also, Ladies' Bonnets; a general assortment of
Hats and Jockey Caps, and of gentlemen's and
ladies' Shoes, best and common quality; ladies'
and men's Saddles; Brilles and Saddle-Bags;
Cotton Cards; Gun Powder and Shot, of the best
quality.

quality; and a variety of other articles.
He has, likewise, fresh Imperial Tea, of the first quality; as well as a good assortment of GROCERIES, in general.
As he wishes to make quick sales, he will dispose of his Goods, for cash, at a very small advance from cost.
Swt64
GEORGE MILLER.

Boot and Shoe Making.
EBENEZER DICKSON begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Salisbury and its vicinity, that he has commenced the Boot and Shoe Making Business, in all of its branches, on Main street, opposite the Court House.

provisions are much cheaper than they formerly were, it is no more than right that we should reduce our prices to suit the *hard times* we have therefore, come to the determination in future, the following low rates, to wit:

Gentlemen's Bootees, first quality	\$ 6 50
Gentlemen's Shoes, do.	2 50
Women's Shoes, do.	1 75
Shootees, best quality	3 50
Footing Boots	3 25
Bottoming Boots	2 00

Although the price of work is low, we are

public need not be afraid that the quality of
to be reduced also; but on the contrary, I will
warrant my work to be made of the very best
materials, and as fashionably and durably execu-
ted as any that can be done in this part of the
country.

*The public will please call and try:
And if they don't like...then need not buy.*

**Hoots and Shoes neatly repaired, at as
rates, in proportion, as the above prices
manufacturing.**

E. DICKSON
Salisbury, July 12, 1821.

58

RETURN OF
Taxable Property.
THE 21st and 28th days of the present month are appointed to take in the taxable property in the Borough of Salisbury. Attendance will be given on each of those days, in the Court House, from the hours of 10 to 12 o'clock, from 1 to 4 o'clock.

The Sheriff will attend on the same days to collect the tax due to said company for the years 1819 and 1820.

[illegible]

B. Castle, Robt. Caldwell, son. Rev. Samuel O. Caldwell, Hober Caldwell John Churchill, David Cuthbertson, P. John Dula, John H. Davidson 4, Jane Dula, James Dinkins, Mark Elden 2, Rice Dula, 2, Gar Dula, Sampson Gomez, John Dought. E. Frederick K. Edwards, William Flanikin, Samuel Pharr, James Precht, David G. Flanikin, William Felts. C. Joseph Garrison, John Gardner, Rev. Isaac Gooden, Thomas Gibbons. H. Mrs. Sarah Hales, John Hipp, Joseph Hart, John Hall, Lewis Harvey, Jonathan Harris, Alexander Hogan, John Houston. J. W. Higgins, telegraph to the pillar at Char-

Lott, Patricia Jones, Valmore Johnston. K.
 Messers. Hugh and Alexander Kinning, Hugh
 Kirkpatrick. L.... Samuel W. Lindsay 2, Rea
 Lindsay, Robert J. Lowrie. M.... John Mc
 Andrew McNelly, General Michael Mc
 Hugh Matthews, William McKinley, Samuel
 Wherter, William McCombs 2, Robert H. Mor
 rison, Andrew Moore 2, Hugh B. McCain. N....
 Mrs. Margaret Neil. O.... John H. Orr, Nathan
 Orr, James Orr. P.... James Pope, Robert Potts
 Joseph Purviance, James Rapp, John Phillips
 R.... Miles I. Robinson, William Rives, And
 Rea, David Rea, Adam R. Rynex. S....

Sadler, Master or Secretary of the Prison
William W. Spears, John Spier, John
inger, John Spratt, Brice Sander, John
Alexander Scott, James Spratt, Robert
Thomas B. Smith, William Simmons, Miss
W. Starling, Thomas Secrecy. T.....John
James Turner. Y.....John W. Wink.
Joseph Wilson, Thom Williamson 2.
Wilson, Joseph Weeks, Thomas Walker
Wilson. Y.....Henry Youngblood.
t59p WM. SMITH. P

Remaining in the Post-Office at Concord, July 1, 1821, which, if not taken out previous to the 1st of October, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead letters.

MARY ALLEN. D....Margaret Bain, Thos. Barnett, Jacob Boston, Catharine Brown, Butner, Solomon Buris. C.....Philip C. John Crittenden, Dr. Robert H. Carse, Coleman, jr. F.....William Fullenwider, Foster, Paul Furr, Allison Fleming, Goodnight, Micajah Gainey, Ephraim Mills, Gallar, John Garmon, William

Abner Harris, Robert Hall 2, P.
Abner Higgins, George Houston,
cut, J. Johnston 2, M. Mich-
Macking, John Misenhimer, 2, M. Mc-
Mainor, M. W. Morgan, Milton McClellan,
James Pharr, Jesse Price, David Pervian,
ander Picken, Samuel Picken, Henry
Elizabeth Pervian, R. Sherwood Ro-
Joseph Reed, A. F. Russel, Philip Rumble,
Rogers, John M. Rickett, S. Silas Ship-
chael Sides, John Strube, Marvil Suggs,
Smith, T. Needom Thomason, W. W.
White, James M. Wile, Michael Walker,

139p

DAVID STONE

A beautiful edition of *Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England*, in 7 vols. now available for \$84, on application to the subscriber.

DAVID STONE

By Dr. John Leyden, the Asiatic Traveller.

Those eyes that still with dimming tears o'erflow,
Will haunt me, when thou canst not see my woe.
Not yet, with fond but self-accusing pain,
Mine eyes reverted linger o'er the main ;
But, sad as he that dies in early spring,
When flowers begin to blow, and larks to sing,
When nature's joy a moment warms his heart,
And makes it doubly hard with life to part ;
I hear the whispers of the dancing gale,
And fearful listen for the flapping sail,
Seek in these natal shades a short relief,
And steal a pleasure from maturing grief.

No! fruitless hope of bliss, that ne'er shall be!
 Shall but this lonely heart survive to me?
 No! in the temple of my purer mind
 Thine image'd form shall ever live enshrined,
 And hear the vows to first affection due,
 Still breath'd—for love that ceases ne'er was true

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

One may say of the objects of the author as Mr. Steward remarks, "that the reserve of a philosophical examination, than it has generally received, in reference to the subject of miracles; inasmuch as it is not decreed, even in its inferior stages, except upon formal and judicial proof of miracles wrought. Mr. Lyman accordingly pursues the subject of the miracles in the following chapter. As the case therein related seems to us, in every respect, the most curious and important one of alleged modern miracles, more so, for instance, than those at the tomb of the Abbe' Paris examined by Hume, Paley and others, we shall give an abstract of the account, which Mr. Lyman has drawn from the work of Marchetti, *De' Prodigii avvenuti in molte sagre immagini specialmente di Maria Santissima*, &c. Roma, 1797, 12mo. We have ourselves had an opportunity of consulting this rare and singular volume, and are able to vouch for the correctness of the citations that are made from it in the work before us. It is to be observed that behind the lamps, by which the streets of Rome and others of the Italian cities are lighted, are placed portraits of the Virgin, coarsely painted and generally glazed. As they are placed directly against the walls, and these are of stone, it is difficult to conceive that a deception could be practised, by persons concealed behind them. The most important of the cases described by Marchetti is that, of which an account is given by Mr. Lyman in the following manner.

"I shall, therefore, only mention the most important facts relating to the first prodigy recorded in the book; this happened to an image of the most holy Mary "mother of pity," and called dell' Armetto." It is painted with oil, and represents only one half of the bust; both eyes are open, of which the pupil white can be most distinctly seen. The figure is protected by a glass, and stands ten feet from the ground. The prodigy was observed on the 9th of 1796. The day was mild and rainy in the morning it was remarked that the eyes began to move, and the evening occasionally shut themselves entirely. Here began the examination not only of this, but of all the other images. Persons brought ladders, mounted to within a few inches of the eyes, and stood looking at them for many minutes. The Cardinal Braschi carried a ladder upon the top of his carriage and went to every image in the city; each

Observations were made upon these miracles in the London Chronicle for January, 1797, by the Rev. Joseph Barrington. I have not, however, been able to see that publication.

one only served to make him believe more in the miracle. I was well acquainted with Monsiengnor B., who had examined several in the same manner. He was a man of easy, intelligent, and sound judgment, well instructed, not inclined to superstition, and as ready to scoff at incredulous stories as other people. He said to me repeatedly, that he as much saw the eyes move, as he saw the picture against the wall. Some brought glasses to magnify the object, others walked away a few hours, and then returned to see if the same effect would be produced, and others held their hands over their eyes for a few moments for a similar purpose.

"Persons were seized with cold sweats and fainted, others were seized with convulsions, and some went rushing through the streets and shouting like the possessed, "miracolo." The crowds near the images were exclaiming at every moment, "see, the blessed saint raises her eyelids—she turns the pupils, now she raises them and now she depresses them." Crowds of persons watched night and day before the images, chanting different hymns of the catholic service. It was a scene of crossing and of reciting Pater Nosters and Ave Marias. When the miracle was particularly visible, then the whole multitude fell upon their knees in the most devout manner, some repeating short prayers, with great fervour, and others shouting in a frantic, half-distracted voice, "blessed be the most Holy Virgin." The litanies were chanted, and at the verse "Santa Maria, ora pro nobis," it was observed in particular that the virgin opened her eyes. The streets were thronged for several weeks both night and day with people going in long processions, headed by priests, from one image to another, and reciting offices in praise of the virgin. "All hail Mary and thy son Jesus, and Him who created them." These processions were usually closed by persons armed with instruments of penance, beating their naked bodies. Before the images ancient enmities were forgiven, men deposited their swords and daggers in sign of peace—robbers restored stolen goods—creditors released their debtors—a profane or a blasphemous word was nowhere heard, and neither licentiousness, quarrels or drunkenness were seen. This short and simple candle, a thousand times repeated, was heard at every corner: "Salve Regina, illos miseros cordibus oculis atque uocibus converti."

The printed accounts are signed by the autograph of Cardinal Somaglia. Then follows a list of one hundred and seventy-four persons, all above the age of twenty, of all ranks and descriptions: cardinals, marquesses, priests, officers, monks, nobles, married and unmarried, Italian and foreign, all of whom solemnly swore, upon oath, before a special trial, to have witnessed the purpose, that they had respectively witnessed the prodigies here recorded: many of the witnesses saw the same prodigies at all the images and many at various repetitions and intervals. These persons were examined, if they had been giving testimony, in court of justice, to a natural fact. There is also a list of seven hundred and eighty-seven persons, who made a simple declaration; many, however, upon oath, having witnessed the above-named prodigies. A large proportion of both lists consists of persons, the most eminent society for rank, dignity, learning and integrity. The seven hundred and eighty-seven were not formally examined, it being thought that sufficient testimony had been procured, and it being also thought advisable to make public the result of examination with all possible speed.

FROM FOULSON'S AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.

There is not in the whole world, a more august and magnificent spectacle, than the *Cataract of Niagara*. All the elements of beauty, sublimity, terror, awe and ecstasy, are there blended in one great and glorious communion, and the mind may banquet for ever upon new and surpassing revelations. It is not a scene over which the vision may travel without pause, and the heart follow without interest. It must not be looked upon, but studied :—and the eye must be disciplined, and the soul dilated, until they can embrace all its vastness. No one has ever yet visited the Falls, with an adequate idea of their appearance. It is impossible to convey to the stranger any vivid and distinct conception of their character. Language sinks beneath the burthen of their colossal grandeur, and the mute descriptions of the canvass exhibit but a stiff and awkward burlesque of their living and moving terrors.—To describe an object with force and beauty, we must draw our similitudes and illustrations from a higher class of objects ; but with Niagara, that is impossible, for all illustrations but degrade it, standing as it does alone in the solitude of its own original majesty, without peer, and without rival.

ception of this wonderful creation, I would not intrude my slight and imperfect sketch, if it was not through a benevolent spirit it is struck off in the heat of the moment, and only of a transient beauty. An object is more likely to fasten itself upon the mind of a desultory reader, than a complete and mathematical description, or a more accurate view of heights and distances. The egotism will be pardoned, when it is considered that I pretend to describe only what I saw, and what I felt.

I approached the Falls upon the

East, or American side, and crossed from the shore to Goat Island,* by a bridge which is in itself a curiosity. It spans the stream between the rapid and the Cataract, but a short distance above the latter. The current, after struggling with wild agony through these rapids, rushes like lightning beneath the bridge, and dashes headlong into the dreary gulph below. Scrambling to the point of this Isle, which breaks the long line of falling water and projects a little beyond them, I obtained the first fine view of the Cataract. It appeared like an oblique, but partially indented line of falling foam stretched from the point where I stood to the Canadian side on the west, and the American on the east. The noise was terrible, but my view being only of its profile, the greater part of its sublimity was lost.

From hence I re-crossed the bridge and passed along the banks to a flight of steps which are placed a short distance below the falls. Descending these I soon found myself upon the margin of the river, near the falling waters, and in an instant was deluged with spray. I strove to attain a mass of rock just before me, and almost under the sheet, where I hoped to make some interesting observations; but the spray beat so powerfully against me as to obstruct my sight, and compel me to effect a precipitate retreat. In consequence of the unfavorable result, which prevented an advantageous view of the falls from this side, I resolved to embark for the opposite shore immediately. When arrived at the middle of the river, I had the most complete and entire view any where presented. Around me were the vexatious waves yet writhing from their terrible fall, and the whole bosom of the river was mantled with foam. Before me the mountain rocks stretched from shore to shore, while over them a mighty flood came rushing like a deluge, sweeping from their dizzy height into the profound and fathomless abyss.

I arrived on the other side; pursued a perilous path, which led along a stratum of rocks, midway between the basin and the water, and after a toilsome and dangerous walk, I found myself beneath the "Table Rock," which hung a horrible canopy above my head. None of the views I had hitherto had equaled my anticipations. They were vast—they were grand, but I had not yet found myself overwhelmed by their sublimity.—But here I looked upward, and felt my spirit hurried away by overpowering ecstasy! Above me, at an awful distance, the current of the Niagara rolled down its world of waters! The cataract, like a mountain of falling foam, stretched obliquely across the river, inducted at its western side like a horse shoe, the inner part of which rolled down a volcano of living emerald. A most splendid Iris spanned the terrific abyss, flaming upon the chafed waters below, and flinging its diamond sparkles upon coming horrors. Wherever the bright sun glanced upon the basin, the water glowed and kindled with a living blaze. Never was a more sublime spectacle presented to mortal eye—around me was arrayed every association of beauty, and terror, and sublimity—Beneath the deep river, into which a false step might have buried me forever—Above towered the crumbling canopy of "Table Rock," which threatened every instant to fall, and crush beneath in irrevocable ruin; while before me the multitudinous waves of Erie and Niagara came thundering

“Like an Eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in their track
I was completely drenched by
falling waters; I stood amid perils
hanging from above and threaten-
ing from below, but danger had no power
to move me—my soul was in my eye.
In the evening I again visited the
falls; it was a calm still night,
the moon was alone in the heavens,
and I was scarcely a breath from the
woodlands.

aid me down upon the "Table Rock," which projects about sixty feet beyond the base of the bank, and looked over it, deep down into the gulph—it was an awful sight. Far downward as the eye could reach, shot the lustrous waves, until they were at length swallowed up in darkness. The moon-light but partially illuminated this horrible profound, but where it did fall it was reflected back with thousand-fold radiance from the flood of foam which shone as it fell like liquid silver. In this dim and half-revealed obscurity, the imagination was left at full liberty to body forth its creations. Alas! most could it conceive, that amid this elemental strife, the howling of prisoned spirits was heard above the thunder of the cataract, and that sometimes the genius of the flood would mingle himself with the rising spray, and mount to the surface of this habitable world. As the moon-beams fell more perpendicularly into the caverns a beautiful halo of a milky hue sprang from its western extremity; it seemed like a bow of promise presaging, amid this scene of darkness and horror, the dawning of a brighter and more enduring effulgence.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Missouri to his relation in this county—communicated for the Winchester Republican.

I know of nothing that would be more entertaining than a few speculative or descriptive ideas upon the curiosities of this country, both natural and artificial; and which, were I adequate to the task, might furnish matter for the scientific researches and itinerant labours of months. At present I shall confine my observations to the *Mounds*, which, for their number, variety and even construction, in my apprehension, claim a more distinguished place amongst the artificial curiosities of antiquity than they have hitherto sustained; and I am surprised that writers heretofore have taken no more notice of them. These ancient works pervade almost the whole western country, and vary both in magnitude and form. Some are conical from the base to the top; others present only the lower segment of a cone; some are semi-globular; others in the form of a parallelogram. The most remarkable appearances of mounds or pyramids in the western country, within my knowledge, are on the Mississippi, consisting of two groups; the one about two miles above the Kahokia, which empties near St. Louis, and the other nearly the same distance below it; which, in all, exceed one hundred and fifty. Near St. Louis, within one mile of the Mississippi, on the east side, is the upper group; which, at a little distance, resemble a cluster of enormous hay stacks; they are generally circular, and some of them of great height, having space enough in the top to contain several hundred men. The largest of these mounds is a stupendous pile of earth, to form which must have required the labors of thousands for years: it stands immediately on the bank of Kahokia. West not far for the regularity and design displayed, the plain alluvial ground on which it stands, and the great number of others scattered around it—I could scarcely believe it to be the work of human hands. The shape is a parallelogram from north to south; on the south is a broad apron about half way down, and from this another projection only fifteen feet wide: the whole circumference is 800 yards, and the height of the mound 90 feet. The men of La Trappe have settled near it, we have made the apron into a kitchen garden and sowed the top with wheat. The extraordinary appearance of this cluster of mounds forces conviction on the reflecting mind, that they are the only relics which time has secured from oblivion, of a great and populous city. The large mounds were probably sites of temples, and many of the smaller ones monuments of distinguished chiefs. There is, perhaps, no spot in the west capable of producing more abundantly and of supporting a more numerous population than this tract, called the American bottom. The great number of mounds, and the surprising quantity of human bones, every where dug up or found on the surface of the ground, with other appearances—prove this valley to have been anciently filled with the habitations of men. Near St. Louis is a curious work, much admired, called the Fallen Garden. It suggests to the mind of the spectator the idea of a situation for assembling the people for public business.

"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

Alas! alas! what is he indeed?—if thou must needs know reader, turn thy steps to the grave-yard, and there behold him in all his loathsome nothingness.

The remains of the dead should indeed be sacred, but the necessity that exists in the present case for disturbing them affords us a lesson to which it would well become us to attend. There is not a scull rudely torn up from its prison-house by the unfeeling spadesman, that has not been like ours full of ethereal spirit, shapeless and ghastly as it may now appear!—Yea, in those hollow cells luxurious fancy may have reigned, or “*wisdom held her empire!*” from those sockets which now shew forth horrid emptiness, eyes once beamed “that kindled in love,” and wept for the departure of those whom they themselves have followed. Perhaps the owner may have been as beautiful and bright as Hebe in all her freshness, and honored and courted in life: but in death.....she is shrunk from, as an object so horribly appalling that every sense is disgusted, and we turn from her with these agonizing reflections, “*to this complexion must we all come at last.*” Pilgrim, thy sojourn here is short—thy life is beset with pain, peril and trial—make it thy duty then in thy pilgrimage, to do all the good thou canst—banish from thy heart the baser passions, and above all place thy reliance on HIM who is able to lift thee from the loathsomeness thou hast just viewed, to glory unspeakable.

is one of Heaven's best blessings to those who properly appreciate its uses. But of those whose exertions fortune has favored, small indeed is the number who have learnt what gives wealth its highest value. We do not mean to join in the unthinking outcry that would denounce as a miser every wealthy man who does not bestow his property liberally on others. We know that wealth is generally acquired by slow degrees, and habits of economy which are not to be overcome even when they are no longer necessary. They are habits which at first were commendable, and surely after they are transferred into a man's character, we should not subject him to obloquy because he cannot change his second nature. But to pride ourselves on wealth, to be puffed up into importance by a great accumulation of property, is unworthy a being who must necessarily lay all his possessions behind, and leave his country, where it forms no qualification for happiness or enjoyment. He who values wealth on its own account adds by its accumulation but little to the stock of his happiness; for his cares generally, nay, almost universally, increase in a more rapid ratio than his heaps of treasure. But he who really knows the true value of wealth, finds in its possession no new cares. He has not to look forward to schemes of extravagance here, for possessing its enjoyments, he is content the Christian hopes to enjoy in a future state, from his benevolent deeds in this. He who rightly uses the blessings of prosperity is amply rewarded by the affection of the good, the esteem of the wise, the smiles and blessings of the poor. The happiness he diffuses, forms an atmosphere about him more genial to his own nature, and more capable of yielding him pleasure than the exhilarating gas. For he can feel all the happiness resulting from its influence, without losing the full possession of his faculties. The truly generous seek not the applause of the world—but are satisfied in their own reflections on stilling the cry of want, and drying the tears of the suffering. But because they seek the privacy of retirement, they ought not always to be indulged in it. Their example is too good to be lost on others.

Oh! avarice, thou rage accurst!
 Insatiate dropsy of the soul;
 Will nothing quench thy sordid thirst?
 Were the sea gold, would'st thou drink the whole?
 Lo! pity pleads, what then?—*there's none!*
 The widow kneels for bread!—*Begone!*
 Mark, in thine ears the orphans' cry;
 They die of famine!—*Let them die!*
 Oh scene of woe! heart rending sight!
 Canst thou turn from them?—Yes, behold!
 From all those heaps of hoarded gold,
 Not one, one piece to save them! not a mite.
 Pitiless wretch! such shall thy sentence be.
 As thou hast done, even mercy turns from thee.